

walls of the corridor leading to the Chapel and also the staircase are hung with Arundels. The Chapel is lovely; the style Byzantine, and exquisitely decorated—not too much, It is not used now.

The Palace of Falkland adjoins the grounds. The old Palace is so beautiful, and the quaint wee village, which winds round about and calls itself a royal burgh! as indeed it was in the times of the old Scottish kings, and boasts now a Lord Provost. Charles II. was the last *King* to use it as a residence, and the old stables (now a garden shed) are *just exactly* as they were then; and I have been weighed in the huge swinging old scales which were then in use and are still so!!! The Palace is a grey-stoned ruin, in excellent repair, and very fine and large it must have been. Part of it was restored by the late Lord Bute, who hoped to restore it all, but died before accomplishing half what he meant to do. But what has been done has been done excellently—in style and furnishing a faithful copy of what it was in its pristine beauty, according to the records and chronicles about the place. The village is winding with cobbled streets and wee one-storied cottages of grey stone, roofed either with moss-grown thatch or fluted red tiles; and in the few exceptions of two-storied buildings, the staircases are outside instead of in, and are steps of rough grey stone. You can picture how pretty it looks, say late on a sunny afternoon—the hills and flaming trees; the winding grey and red village, with the towers of the old Palace (recalling the style of French Châteaux); the swift-running burn which follows the wind of the principal street, but turns aside to run through the Pleasaunce, which now is included in these grounds, but once belonged to the Palace;—but I am inaccurate, for the Palace still stands in it!! Sheltering the north side of the house (and dominating the village too from a short distance), and forming part of the grounds, is the East Lomond, 14721 feet high, and beyond it stretch the moors. Up there deer are to be found, and we came across one the other day not a quarter of a mile from the house in the home-woods.

“BOARD SCHOOL” METHODS.

The young and ardent teacher is more than a little apt to sneer at “Board,” or more properly “Council” schools, as impossible places where vast unwieldy classes do absurd things. The nation is obliged, however, to attack problems in bulk, and their solution may have been reached at one point whilst the question at issue is barely comprehended in another. The present writer was enabled to spend an afternoon in a South London Council School this summer, more especially amongst the infants and the lower Standards. The school boasts of over one thousand pupils—and its discipline is such that the whole vast building can be vacated in *three* minutes for fire drill. Yet the relations between the teachers and the children were the most friendly ever seen under similar circumstances—good fellowship reigned supreme. The superintendent of the infants’ school, undoubtedly a born educator, lamented openly that the little ones had not a definite half-hour for sleep in the school programme, as they found them so drowsy in the afternoons, poor little dears. However, drowsiness was being combated in many delightful ways. One class of babes was modelling a gooseberry in clay (each child had a real gooseberry as model), another was drawing in soft crayons on brown paper turnips, and very excellently some of them were done. A third class was at work upon a clay bird’s nest, eggs and all complete. A fourth was doing carton or paper work—everywhere “handicrafts” reigned supreme. A class of little boys, for our benefit, did some ambidextral drawing on small black boards, using the two hands simultaneously, so that the horizontal lines were drawn left and right to meet in the centre. The children judged all their distances with great accuracy, and drew very even right hand and left hand curves at the same moment. In this way a tulip with leaves and a Chinese lantern were executed in coloured chalks before our eyes. Then a large mixed class of boys and girls sang to us, for, as the mistress said, they find singing of

enormous benefit in refining voice, taste, and mind. The songs chosen were "Sweet and Low" and "Where the Bee Sucks." They were sung with evident delight, perfect intonation and great sweetness—and that in a district where you can almost cut the London accent with a knife! So much for what education can effect. The children's appearance was marvellous. It is a region where there are many real poor, besides the all-prevailing "lower middle class," not one dirty or untidy child did we see. So much for the force of public opinion.

The friends who afforded us this peep of the State's methods spent the summer in Dresden studying and comparing the Folk schüle with our English Council schools. We hope that they also will send some impressions of that work for publication in the Pianta.

R. A. P.

A MONTH IN BRITTANY.

At a Convent recommended to us by two other Students, we had determined to spend part of our holiday. So full of eager anticipation of the novelty of our sojourn in France, we, another ex-student and myself, found ourselves at St. Malo early Sunday morn, July 30th. "The Convent of the Cross" being at Tréguier, right out of the beaten track, we wisely took bicycles with us. The morning of our arrival was bright and sunny. The fortified harbour, with its commanding view of the mouth of the Rance, the opposite cliffs of which are flanked by Dinard and St. Servan; the town with its narrow winding streets; the Castle with its four commanding towers; the gay-coloured soldiers and the more sombre-attired peasant women, whose outward glory was focussed on their snowy and quaint muslin bonnets, gave to all its singular picturesqueness striking to foreigners. The bonnets, we noticed, differed in the various localities of Brittany. Very beautiful and costly were some of those we saw at "The Pardons" around Tréguier.

It was our intention to bicycle to Tréguier; so having disposed of our luggage we first visited the environs of St. Malo, Paramé and Rotheneux—the latter being distinguished by some rocks on the coast hewn by an old priest, and vividly painted. They are most grotesque and hideous: the figures represent religious scenes and others, but in them proportion does not exist.

In the afternoon we returned to St. Malo to take the boat as far as Dinan up the Rance, the scenery of which is very pretty, though rather monotonous. Dinan we were delighted with.

It is quite an old medieval town, very sleepy, and with the quaintest overhanging houses, "The Rue de Jersuaal" being one of the curious parts of the old town. We found comfortable quarters at the Hotel de la Poste, on the Place du Guesclin, for seven francs each, dinner, bed and breakfast. It will be remembered that Du Guesclin recaptured the town from the English in 1359. A statue of him now adorns the Place. The Castle is now used as a prison; it dates from 13th and 14th Centuries.

From Dinan we rode to Lamballe, where we halted next night; but being unfortunate to have chosen a day when "Les Courses" were on, little sleep did we get that night. Apart from the Church of Notre Dame (13th—15th Centuries) which was originally the Chapel of the Castle belonging to the Comtes de Penthièvre, and destroyed by Richelieu; it was uninteresting.

The extreme poverty of the peasants in these parts was very evident; and like the Irish peasants, they shared their dwellings with their domestic animals, who also bore an ill-cared for appearance. Next day we rode to St. Briec, took train from there to Pontrieu, and then once more on our bicycles to Tréguier. We arrived at 6-30. When we saw the high, grim walls of the Convent before us, we began to quiver. The portière—a very old nun—having opened to us, we were shown our bedroom—a large, airy room—by some other nuns, and presently the Mother Superieure came up to welcome us. As soon as we could take off some of the surface dust we were ushered down across a large courtyard to the dining-room, where, to our astonishment, several English visitors were seated, and eyed the new-comers critically. We were at once struck by the gentle and

kindly ways of the nuns who, when it did not interfere with their duties and meditations, were very merry, and pleased to chat with us.

The whole work of the Convent is done by the nuns; the one who did our room, "La Soeur Marie—Marthe," the kindest of souls, could not even write her name. She, of course, was only a lay sister. Two waited on us at meals. The buildings were very extensive; and the different houses were called Saint Joseph, Paris and Rome. We were in the latter. There was also an enormous garden, which was very pleasant in the evening, for we were supposed to be within the gates at eight o'clock, the hour for the nuns of Grand Silence. French lessons were obtainable at one franc an hour. This hour was a precious one; you had a nun to yourself, and then walked round or sat down in the garden, talking or reading, &c.

The fees of the Convent are extremely reasonable, 25 frs. a week, which includes all meals. Washing, &c., extra. Sanitary arrangements, as may be expected, are not good; baths quite unavailable, unless you supply yourself with a bath.

The Sisters of the Cross are expecting notice to quit at any time; but should they be there next summer, any student who felt so inclined to spend such a holiday, could not do better than try this Convent. Every one of the visitors who were there with us spoke most highly of it.

The country around is pretty, and Tréguier lies six or seven miles from the coast; but the places of interest around are very un-get-at-able unless you have bicycles. The coast is very wild and rugged. The neighbouring places we bicycled to were Painpol, from where we crossed to the I'le de Brehal, Port Clanc, Lannion, Ploumanac'h, &c.

Tréguier itself is an old Cathedral town, and is the birth-place of Renan. In the Cathedral is the tomb of St. Yves (1253—1303), who is also the Patron Saint. Tréguier is reached by train from St. Malo *via* Lamballe, St. Brieuc, and Guingamp.

Our month ended too quickly, alas, and all was to be but a memory.

R. M. W.

THE BOOK CLUB (SO-CALLED).

It is abominable, brethren! One hundred and fifty students, but not one suggestion of books to read; not one comment on books read; not one communication dealing with books for our own reading or the children's committed to our care. And we talk about "education by books." Is it all talk?

Entreaty has not availed, nor sarcasm; are your hearts harder than book covers?

The following books are compiled from one private list. How much more interesting would have been the public comparison of many lists.

"The Eve of the Reformation," Don Gasquet.

An invaluable study of the conditions of the Church in England before 1525, from a modern Romanist's point of view.

"The Other Side of the Lantern," Treves.

Travels in India, China, and Japan. Very interesting, because the writer does not merely see but has insight.

"The Voyage of the Discovery," Captain P. Scott.

"The Seven Angels of the Renaissance," Bayliss.

Studies of Cimabue, Botticelli, Bellini, &c.

"My Life," A. R. Wallace.

The autobiography of the modern Darwin.

"Two Little Savages," E. Seton Thompson.

Should be studied by all who want to play at "tracking and scouting!"

"The Upton Letters," T. B.

The reflections of a schoolmaster. The metaphysical side of teaching.

"The Book of the Spiritual Life," Lady Dilke.

An interesting glimpse of a woman's mind.